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Arian Rose  
アリアンローズ

ヤンデレ系

乙女ゲーの  
世界に  
転生して  
しまったようです

花本もみじ  
hanaki momiji

イラスト・シキユリ  
shikiyuri

ヤンデレフラグは  
お断り!

ヤンデレ満載乙女ゲームの世界に転生してしまったりコリス。  
でも、目の前に現れた婚約者・ヴォルフガングは、  
とてもヤンデレには見えなくて……!?

ハラハラドキドキ満載の、ヤンデレ系乙女ゲー・ラブミステリー第一巻!



# **It Seems Like I Got Reincarnated Into The World of a Yandere Otome Game**

**-Yandere-kei Otomege no Sekai ni Tensei Shite Shimatta Youdesu-**

**- Volume 1 -  
Fiancee Arc**

**-Author-  
Hanaki Momiji**

**-Artist-  
Shikiyuri**

**[ Forgetful Dreamer ]**

## - STORY -

As a precocious child, Lycoris suffers from a strange sense of déjà vu. On the day her father told her about her fiancé, she realizes that her fiancé was a character from an otome game she once played in a previous life.

“I am the heroine’s rival from the game?

And in the bad ending, I get stabbed to death?

What a joke.”

A story in which the protagonist is determined to avoid a yandere situation.



カフィル・ラジアータ

リーリア公爵家の現当主で、リコリスの父親。国王の名代として各国を飛び回る生活を送っている。



ベリオス・アイゼンFORT

ヴォルフの父親。宰相を務めている。仕事には厳しいが、非常に愛情深い。口ひげがチャームポイント。



ナーシサス・ランクラーツ

リコリスの叔父。クリナム、シェイドの父親。非常にマイペースで、周囲を気遣えないところがある。



宰相補佐官

仕事を愛する補佐官。ベリオスに仕えており、ヴォルフとも顔なじみ。素直で感動しやすい。



クリナム・ランクラーツ

リコリスの従姉妹。読書が好きで、優しくおとなしい性格。リコリスとは定期的に文通をする仲。



シェイド

天使のような愛らしい見た目をした少年。複雑な生い立ちゆえに、心を閉ざしている。ゲーム内では女性に対し複雑な想いを持つヤンアレキアラだったが……?

ヴォルフガンク・アイゼンFORT

リコリスの婚約者。真面目な性格で、人に甘えることが苦手。当初はリコリスに反発していたが、すぐに打ち解け、互いを大切に想い合うようになる。愛称はヴォルフ。

リコリス・ラジアータ

リーリア公爵の一人娘。大人びた見た目をしているが、実は好奇心旺盛で世話焼きな性格。転生先の「ヤンアレ系乙女ゲー」の世界で、死亡フラグ回避のために奔走する。

登場人物紹介

ヤンアレ系

転生してまたようです

# Chapter 1

<Kishikan>.<sup>(1)</sup> *It is a word that means déjà vu.*

It is a sensation that a memory has happened before, even though it has never been experienced in reality.

My life was full of <Kishikan>. But mine is different from what déjà vu normally is – rather, it felt more like this “never happened before”.

My name is Lycoris Radiata. I just turned 6 years old. I am often told that my way of talking is not like a child. In impressions as well, rather than being called “cute”, the compliment that is usually given to me is “grown up”. Even though in my opinion, “cute” is the universal compliment for a child.

My social position is also remarkable – I was a duke’s daughter.

My mother, who died long before I could make sound judgement, had a lot of portraits that were left of her. Although she was very beautiful, she looked like she would have been a cold woman. My father, who is a duke, constantly travels to foreign countries due to his work. He rarely returns home. However, since there are a lot of servants and tutors at home, I never feel lonely.

Since I am often praised on how good my memory is, I have often thought that it was my special skill. But when I carefully think about my memories like this, a sense of discomfort swells up.

Wrong. Wrong, absolutely wrong – there’s definitely something wrong, my heart would cry out. But “what” that something was, I don’t know.

This unexplainable uncertainty within me, I resolved to consult with a sensible adult.

The person who I chose, a familiar adult who I trusted deeply, was my wet nurse. When I confided to her my troubles with clumsy words, my nanny’s eyes widened her wrinkled eyes and said, “Oh my...”

She was bewildered for a while, and with a stunned expression she replied. “My lady, what you told me is too difficult for me to understand, <Déjà vu> is a word that I am not accustomed to hearing”

—Come to think of it...

Where did the word <Déjà vu> come from? How come I know that word? I thought that <Déjà vu> was used in writing before, but from which country’s language did this come from?

The result of my resolve ended up with more questions that further increased my confusion.

From then on, I eagerly began reading books. I sought the answers to my question from the wisdom of my ancestors. Aside from eating, sleeping, and studying, I spent nearly all my time reading.

Absorbed with reading a variety of books and having no interest in playing childish games, I was unaware of the divided opinions inside the Duke’s mansion on whether “Our lady is a genius” or whether “Our lady is crazy”.

Around this time, I formed the habit of wrinkling my eyebrows. Exhaustive worry and overworked eyes are most likely the reason.

I don’t like being a six-year-old.



Several years have passed since I started a life of indiscriminate reading. To what was called <Kishikan> that brought incomprehensible discomfort, one answer was brought forth.

An unforgettable day happened, just before my tenth birthday.

On this day, I heard about my fiancé from my father.



“Hey... It’s been a while, hasn’t it, my little princess”

The teeth grinding greeting came from my father. The duke of Lilia was that kind of person.

“It seems you are well, Father”

While giving a greeting unlike that of a child to a parent, I stared at my father’s face motionlessly.

With combed slick back hair that had combined colors of gold and brown, the impression of a baby-face could not be wiped off from his face.

Only having hit thirty years old, with a presence more like a young nobleman than a duke, the impression that he was my father is weak.

It’s not as if I’m questioning my blood relation to him. It’s just that the time we talk as parent and child is too little.

With majority of the year spent outside the country, on those rare occasions he comes back, however, he’s the type of father that will bring souvenirs without fail. It’s hard to say whether this person thought about his actual daughter or not.

Brightly giving endearing words to his daughter, there wasn’t a chance this father was anywhere reserved.

This situation, which was explained based on the souvenirs, looks as if he enjoys spending time with his daughter.

However the other party, as a duke, displays competency in diplomacy. The subtle emotions of a young lady probably wouldn’t get past him. Is that really a heart-felt smile? Or is it a trick he learned due to sociability?... Or could it be that I had over-analyzed it too much?

There is one thing that I can say about my father, [I don’t know whether I dislike him or not].



That same father, while smiling and laughing, held out a hand gesturing me to sit on the sofa.

“I came to tell you great news”

Once he began the introduction, with a few words, my normal everyday life collapsed.

“Your fiancé has been officially decided. That person is Viscount Wolfgang Eisenhut. Duke Ranuncula’s first born child. His heir. I borrowed a recent painting of him”

When my father mentioned it, a butler that was at the side of the wall came out with an oil painting, taking several steps closer so that the painting was easily visible.

“What do you think? He’s a pretty boy, isn’t he? Tomorrow is your first meeting with him. I’m certain you’ll like him”

My father’s voice seemed far away, as my gaze was glued to the picture.

Today, my everyday life until that point and the life that I had hoped, in one morning, shattered. This was by no mean an exaggeration.

Wolfgang Eisenhut.

When I heard that particular name, something flashed through my eyes. It felt like I had just awoken – the feeling as if I was stumbling through the dark and then suddenly given light.

Déjà vu. The strange knowledge. Everything was connected.

That déjà vu was my [former life]. The knowledge was also gained from my [former life].

The name, Wolfgang Eisenhut, was also included that memory. Embracing a woman with soft golden hair, the grown up version of the young man in the portrait whom I had just laid eyes on, came to mind.

Rather than saying it was an accurate portrait, it looked like it was actually a still picture from the game.

Frankly, if you want to form this situation into a phrase...



It seems like I got reincarnated with some of the memory from a previous life.

Inside the world of a yandere otome game.

Furthermore, my position was the rival character of the golden haired heroine. And there was a death route available for me.

This is bad.

In more than one way.

The reincarnation part is okay. I loved reading those kinds of stories.

But, why was it a world of a yandere otome game of all things?

As a game player, if you get in contact with a capturable character, whether it be a Tsundere or a Yandere, it wouldn't be scary. But, in real life, you wouldn't ever want to meet a Yandere.

You might be able to endure the cutting words that a Tsundere brandishes, but would you be able to endure a cutting knife that a Yandere brandishes? Absolutely not.

Well, the knife was just an image I had in my head, there was no scene like that in the game.

In any case, when confronting a Yandere, an LCD screen was the strongest shield required. Seriously.

Even more, if the heroine doesn't have any special skills to compensate, if for example, a Yandere appears as an obstructive supporting character, it's no different from being in the same league as when you encounter a zombie. Give me a shotgun!

No – I wouldn't really shoot though.

I'll say it again.

This is bad.

## Chapter 2

Telling my father a suitable excuse (the contents of which I couldn't remember), I withdrew to my room to clear my muddled thoughts.

If I believe the sudden memories that overflowed within me, then I have just obtained the memories of my past life.

Are these... really memories from my previous life, or are these just well-thought out fantasies? With these questions, a practical answer was brought out. That is, when the time comes, and I end up getting my foot stuck from going forward because I couldn't see, then at that time, I'll stop.

In the meantime, I decided to believe in myself. These were my memories from a previous life.

The “me” from my previous life was an office lady that was from Japan. In the administration division of a small company, I would stare at numbers and grappling with the photo-copying machine everyday. Unfortunately, I didn't have a lover. But if I could have had 3 – no, 5 more years, I would have had an incredibly electrifying romance.

— is what I like to believe.

I died due to a traffic accident. If it was painful or if it was scary, I was fortunate enough not to remember. But I did remember feeling frightened when I saw myself about to get struck by a car. At that time, I felt like I received a huge shock, but now, it felt like the incident happened much too fast.

Dying earlier than my parents might make me a person who lacks respect to her own family. But I'm fortunate enough to have siblings that will take care of my parents in their later years, so I have nothing to worry about.

Although I might incline my head from doubt to most claims that something could be achieved in a person's short span of life, I did believe that living life to the fullest would grant eternal peace.

On a different note, since a while ago, the thoughts that came flowing naturally before has started making my head hurt when I got more details. When I overworked the limited operations of my nerves, an unpleasant feeling overwhelmed me.

Thanks to that, I could only remember a few detail about each individual's life. In spite of that, strangely enough, I could vividly remember the few details about them. For example, how I used to play a game... that had those characters.

Wiping my head with a handkerchief to cool down from a fever that broke out, I found myself standing. <sup>(1)</sup> In front of the full length mirror, an actor half its size looked to be also standing.

It feels uncomfortable finding myself reflected in the mirror, and it might be because I know the reason why. Oddly, and without hesitating, I had the urge to face my own reflection.

A girl in a crimson dress stared back at me. When I raised my hand, the girl in the mirror raised her own. And when I pulled at the corners of my lip, the girl in the mirror also made a firmly funny-looking face.

Black hair and white skin under a monotone color scheme and, whether it was painted on or not, red lips and cheeks that attracted attention. With that, the name "Snow White", from my past life came to mind, but the projection in the mirror did not feel like the princess in the fairy tale story. What I mean is, not only did I have a pair of slightly intense-looking upturned eyes, I also had – although it's small – a mole under one eye.

The crimson dress, which was far from the impression of cute and refreshing, might also be a contributing factor. It seems like it is the image color for the Lilia household. Almost all the dresses that come out of the wardrobe also appeared to be of this color.

Although I filled my smile with charm as much as I could, I felt extremely embarrassed, so I stopped.

(With this appearance, even in the game... laughing didn't fit this image)

The game's Lycoris Radiata. The [Me] - no, let us call her [That girl] - that girl was the heroine's rival, or to be exact, the villain of the game.

Incidentally, when Wolfgang Eisenhut and the heroine became involved in a youthful love, she was the obstacle that had to be climbed over.

Appearing as Wolfgang Eisenhut's fiancée, she was known to rampage aggressively. She, who had an unusual obsession over her family-chosen fiancé, injured the heroine with her relentless bullying, carried out many acts of intimidation, and even used self-injury to get her way. A truly frightening woman. She was, as some might call, a yandere.

But then, she wasn't the only yandere in the game. The male character, Wolfgang, was also of the same sort. Furthermore, the heroine's other love interests' all had yandere tendencies as well.

(The game's title was... huh?)

Somehow, I couldn't remember it. And to think, I could remember the game's content so well.

How weird. I had the feeling it certainly wasn't Japanese, I wonder if my catastrophic English proficiency was to blame.

Despite agonizing over that fact for a while, I felt like my head was sluggish and heavy. For some reason, I couldn't clear my head, so I decided to give up.

In any case, because there were all sorts of developments and violent actions in it, the game was given an adult rating.

Way before its release, there were a lot of discussion over it. The director and main scenario writer was a shotacon who loved yandere. (Even when he was a novelist, he was known to write those kinds of stories) Additionally, the person responsible for the sub scenario gave users a lot of psychological damage, showing that he was also the type to enjoy writing those stories. And among other things, the person who was previously in charge of the endings had a habit of adding in the cruelest of bad endings.

Considering these, the advertised text, which was released earlier than the game's title, was [More and more... you'll want to be killed]

The actual [Lycoris Radiata] and the me now were two completely different people, so this sales message was unthinkable. Although the [you] referred in the message was



definitely the game's heroine, it could've referred to Lycoris, as she was subsequently and swiftly killed.

I could vividly remember a portion of that ending.

After Lycoris harmed the heroine, she ended up getting killed by Wolfgang; Then he and the heroine ran away and led a fugitive life. Burdened with a high social standing, he, who didn't trust even his own family and bounded with obligations, threw everything away so that he could be together alone with his beloved person. A merry bad ending.

That is what I absolutely want to avoid.

Not only did I die, I also burned myself out in that hopeless sense of love. On top of that, I definitely don't want to become a hurtful human that could only harm everyone around her.

Lycoris might have been just a supporting character in the game, but, right now, I am the brilliant and sparkling hero of my life. The one and only lead.

Adding to my determination, I glared at the mirror. I will definitely find happiness.

But – just as I was about to conclude things after organizing the information, Father's words came back to me in a flashback.

"Tomorrow is your first meeting with him. I'm certain you'll like him"

First meeting. With whom, you say?

Your fiancé.

The fellow that could possibly kill you in the future, that's who.

Blood quickly drained from my entire body. All of a sudden, the situation went downhill.

# Chapter 3

Just in case, I made an effort to avoid the situation.

When I visited my father for the second time, I resorted to playing the part of duke's weak daughter with all my might. Saying things like: I don't want to meet my fiancé, tomorrow's meeting is way too soon, and [Rather than hate, I'm afraid of meeting him], I appealed with tear-filled eyes of which, weren't part of the act.

"In any case, if you don't meet the person, you wouldn't know whether you'll dislike him, right? Since I'll be coming along, I'm sure it'll be fine. For now, just go to sleep."

That's right. I'll go back. This is what an adult does.<sup>(1)</sup>

And so on the next day, in a horse-drawn carriage that rocked to and fro, I headed to my fiancé's residence, Duke Ranuncula's mansion, to meet him.

I heard the trip would usually take around ten days or more with a carriage.

What played a big part in the shortened voyage was the teleportation tower. As a fairly large-scale magical tower, it was indispensable as a continental long-range transportation.

We jumped from the lone teleportation tower in the Dukedom of Lilia to the – similarly – only tower in the Dukedom of Ranuncula. With that, the ten-day trip was reduced to half a day.

That ten-day trip sounded nicer.

Moreover, if we arrived at the destination of a lifetime, it would've been even better.

That was my current state of mind.

Nevertheless, time was too cruel for being too quick, I thought, as I stepped out of my carriage and into the battlefield without so much as a plan.

(I screwed up.....)

As I down on the soft chair at the reception area, regret swiftly overcame me.

Sitting beside me, my father, who noticed my terrible complexion, recommended a warm drink. However, feeling like it wouldn't likely pass through my throat, I declined.

When I say "screw up", I mean about the fact that from night till morning, I was anxious about various things and as a result, didn't get any rest at all. I could've had some time to sleep in the quiet carriage, but instead, I had stared out the window in order to escape reality.

If the engagement doesn't follow through, I can at least rest easy – It would be nice if my physical condition improves after I come back from this place.

No use crying over spilled milk, is the maxim I reflected on as I waited. Soon after, a knock resounded across the room.

In accordance, my father stood up and greeted the person who entered.

With hair mixed with white, the person who entered the room with brisk movement, was a good-natured old man. Next to him, with glossy black hair, was a young boy.

I intentionally cleared any expression from my gaze. It was the proper behavior for a lady when being introduced to another person. Although, it might not seem proper for a child.

When the gentleman finished exchanging greetings with my father, he immediately turned his gaze towards me.

"Let me introduce you, Duke Ranuncula. This is my daughter, Lycoris. Lycoris. This is his excellency, Duke Ranuncula"

Introducing the duke to me, and vice versa with very concise words, my father pulled me forward. Naturally, I ended up directly facing the gentleman.

"It is an honor meeting you. My name is Lycoris Radiata."

After ending my bow, I spotted a gentle smile on his face. His eyes, which were very clear but in a shade similar to when peering into a deep deep ocean, crinkled in a smile.

Compared to my father, Duke Ranuncula was much older; he should be close to around

fifty years old. His old age was evident from the visible wrinkles on his face and hands.

“Yes, it’s nice to meet you too – but having said that, I’ve already met you when you were a baby though” The duke said with a light-hearted tone before kissing the back of my hand. His white speckled grey mustached traced over my hand, tickling the thin skin.

When I mentioned that, the corners of the duke’s eye wrinkled even further. After sharing a good laugh together, our short conversation ended.

“You grew up to be quite charming that you surprised me. Although, you got the hair and eye color from your mother, you definitely inherited the shape of your eyes from your father”

With those words that voiced the similarity between my father and I, my father became a bit flustered and returned it with a “I’m often told that”.

As for me, I became unnerved for being called “charming”, a compliment that I was unaccustomed to hearing.

“But you don’t look so well. It seems like you’re exhausted from the long journey. Is it your first time riding a carriage for such a long distance? “

Worry and sympathy filled his light blue eyes. Then he placed a warm hand on my shoulder and with a gentle voice said “It’s okay to sit down”, as he urged me to do so.

“I-I’m alright. It’s better if I stand or walk, at least I can get distracted...”  
In vain, I stuttered an answer.

“As I thought, it was because I asked you to come here. I’m really sorry”

“No! Uhm... I like going to new places. It was refreshing to get to view the sea in a large town. And I got to see the windmills at the main roads, it was very interesting to get to see the sights for the first time... ah – no, what I mean is, today, I was incredibly happy to be invited here”

When I finished giving him nothing but greetings, I felt ashamed because it ended up turning into a weird babble. It was unusual for me to be jittery like this.



Thankfully, Duke Ranuncula looked happy as he smiled and laugh asking me to describe to him the shape of the windmills.

Seeing him listening to my story attentively, I was astonished from the bottom of my heart.

With a sincere smile on his face, this was our country's prime minister.

This country was a monarchy – under the noble royal family stood five dukedoms. Among them were the Dukedom of Ranuncula and my very own, the Dukedom of Lilia, and so the standing of a prime minister was established within the nobility.

With that standing, and my bias that he was above all [That yandere man's father], I didn't expect that he would turn out to be a good-natured man. It was very rude of me. I shall reflect on it.

That Prime minister-sama<sup>(2)</sup>, said “Your hunger for knowledge is truly a remarkable talent” with a smile that couldn't be mistaken for anything but joy.

Honestly, I felt my heart throb.

How much did it throb? Well, it was so much that I momentarily forgot the existence of the yandere – I mean, my fiancé, next to him.

Father, who stood behind me, cleared his throat, and I finally recalled the purpose of this visit.

I sent a sidelong glance to the young boy next to Prime Minister-sama.

“I'm terrible sorry. Lycoris, let me introduce you to my son”

Prime Minister-sama's big hands guided the ten-year old, Wolfgang Eisenhut to stand forward; the boy gave the barest of greeting, “Best regards” with his eyes on the floor.

With a “Same here” returned to him, our conversation was cut off.

The atmosphere in the room grew dead silent, causing the two adults to grow anxious.

“Our conversation will be complicated”

“Lycoris, why don’t you take my son to the gardens?”

With a sudden [Go take a stroll...], the two ten-year old children were thrown out to the gardens.

This wasn’t what you’d expect from a scheme made by an appointed minister who supports a country – Honestly, this was a poor plan.

First of all, the two adults should’ve soften it up by bringing up a topic, the right thing to do would be give one or two common topics for the two of us to talk about. But as I began thinking, I felt like I was playing the role of a woman who did a lot of matchmaking in a drama. Even if a man could work for a living, he might be weak at playing as a matchmaker.

...realizing I went off track, I shook my head.

The young boy, who continued to walk together to with me to the garden, was a slender good-looking youth.

Whether it was unexpected or not, or maybe it was due to our age, but between the two of us who were in the same age, he was comparatively shorter.

His black hair and violet eyes were astounding.

And even though the outline of his cheeks were of a young boy, he had plenty of intellectual features. His form had a steady movement as he walked smoothly; although, it might be because he is aware that a lot of people pay close attention to him that he developed this gift.

Though the game characters had an outlined image color associated to each of them, for him, that color was just black. During work, he would only wear black clothes. Even now, he was wearing an expensive outfit with silver embroidery that was certainly black.

When the rose arch of the garden was nearly visible, that beautiful young boy blocked my path as we were about to arrive and said.

“You – do you understand what it means to be decided as my fiancée?<sup>(3)</sup>”

Because it happened too fast, my reaction was delayed and all I could do was nod my head.

That beautiful young boy, with his astounding violet eyes, quickly glared at me.

“Yup. I don’t like you. Your face is okay, but to begin with an overall gloomy person is not my type. Not only that, you’re way too big. –But, your lineage balances it off. I’ll compromise. Don’t you dare misunderstand your position as my fiancée and think of telling anyone about my behavior”

Ah... That’s right.

He had this kind of character.

While thinking that in the corner of my head, in truth, my feelings were filled relief.

My worst fears didn’t happen.

I mean that at the moment I met Wolfgang Eisenhut, I didn’t change.

Without understanding my heart’s working, wasn’t I unable to control my feelings and nearly grew to like him? Although I knew about my destruction before hand, didn’t his dazzling eyes almost pierced the passion of my heart. It was most frightening.

Yeah. It’s good. It is... [Not].

That’s because I’m not masochistic.

I want to hit this cheeky brat on the head.

But I’m already an adult from my previous life. It would be impossible not to have obstacles as a life experience.

I pulled my own eyes down, enjoying the fact that I could laugh at him under my nose.

“If you prefer a smaller body, then yours would be suitable”

Ah, it slipped.

# Chapter 4

If you wonder what happened with Wolfgang Eisenhut after the words spilled out of my mouth.

Well, his eyes only widened with bewilderment.

(H-huh? Somehow I was thinking of a different reaction)

For one, I was expecting the image of him transforming into a fire-breathing dragon. And naturally, a hate-filled glare along with it.

Having my hands in front of me in a complete stance had become a waste of effort

If I illustrated his current situation, it would be like encountering a cat as an unknown enemy. Rather than caution, it was surprise that was greatly bred.

Guessing from his reaction, it seems like the young boy has never experienced insults from anyone of the same age. Actually now that I think about it, even if the person was an adult he wouldn't normally face any rebuttal from them.

His father is the duke; it won't do to call his son short.

A cold sweat ran down my back.

Anyone who lives in modern day Japan would most likely agree with me when I say this. I certainly don't want to be a victim, but I also don't want to be a perpetrator.

Even if the other person was a yandere in the future. Right now, by answering back with a similar remark, it ended up becoming a breakdown of a mentally weak child. My earlier remark was not befitting an adult.

"Uhm, that was rude. I'll apologize, that was inexcusable"

My words became an opportunity to melt the ice, Wolfgang's face flared up with blood.



“D-don’t think I’ll forgive you!”

“Hah. Well, I’d be fine even if you don’t forgive me “

“...tch!”

His white face became red like a ripened tomato. It might be because he is young, but it doesn’t seem likely to see any blood vessels popping from him.

Speaking of which, I wonder how much this young boy gets spoiled every day. To be so surprised by someone just answering him back.

Although Duke Ranuncula was a fine gentleman, I wonder if he’s the type of father that couldn’t scold his son. If I’m not mistaken, people in their later years tend to cherish their children more.

(...nh? Come to think of it)

I arrived at a certain possibility.

“Umm... about Duke Ranuncula, he usually lives in the imperial city right?”

“Are you planning to tell my father?!”

I wouldn’t have thought it’d be this cute that he got scared thinking I was planning on telling on him, I forced myself to give him a civil smile.

“No. I’m not planning on doing such a thing, so could you engage me in some idle talk?”

Glaring at my proposal, the young Wolfgang looked like a cautious cat with hair sticking out from its body. The smile aimed at softening him was downright fake.

I repeated my words to somehow ease his wariness.

“I’m interested in your relationship with your father... my father has to travel all over the country because of his work, so I don’t get to see him often. If you live apart for a long time, you end up not having anything to talk about. Since Duke Ranuncula is busy, wouldn’t he be staying at the capital all the time?”

When I revealed my intention, the other person’s interest was slightly piqued.

“It’s true, my father is usually at the capital. He only comes back a few times a month. Talking about your problems with Duke Lilia was unexpected. You’re quite the talkative lady”

“Yes... however, the only thing we can talk about is our fathers – my father is eloquent at conversations, but he can’t follow any of the fun stories I give. In that situation, wouldn’t family conversations feel lonely then?”

That was supposed to ease his worries, but I ended up saying more than I expected.

However, it looked like it paid off. The young Wolfgang, who had an earnest expression, began opening his mouth.

“...I don’t think my relationship with my father should be used as reference. We don’t often communicate with each other as well. When I report the results of my studies, he would only give me a compliment to some extent. Although, a long time ago when mother was still alive, it wasn’t like this”

(This person... is he aware that he shifted from the first person pronoun [Ore] to [watashi]?<sup>(1)</sup> I feel that his use of [watashi] makes us feel closer.)

“What was your mother like? In my case, my mother died a long time ago, so I can’t really remember her”

Mumbling, “I see... That is...”, he tried to offer his heartfelt condolences. No matter how mature a child is, he wouldn’t know how to express his condolences in words. He would have no experience with it after all.

I lifted my skirt in a curtsy offering thanks, telling him that his feelings were conveyed. It seemed that he understood my action, as his expression loosened.

“...my mother – she passed away four years ago. She wasn’t a very talkative person, and she rarely rebuked or compliment. But no matter what, she would always watch over me. She was a beautiful, gentle person”

Inadvertently revealing that he yearned for a past that was long gone, he then added “It was just a common expression” embarrassedly. Hearing that child-like confession, I felt my heart breaking.

Even though I recalled yesterday’s facts, I did have a previous life. Although he was born as an innocent baby, he only had six years to spend with his mother.

For me, when I instinctively hear the question “Are you lonely?”, I always reply that I have servants and tutor, so I don’t feel lonely.

“How about friends?”

“There’s no children I can associate with in the mansion”

“Same goes for me”

The two of us looked at each other and sighed.

[Our high social standing is really inconvenient, huh], and so we began to sympathize with each other.

Although we had our differences as a boy and a girl, our circumstances were similar.

Both our mothers passed away. Our fathers were always busy, so we rarely saw them. Between servants and tutors, and the like – we were only surrounded by adults because of our circumstances, we didn’t have anyone of the same age to play with us.

I decided to switch the conversation about family to something else.

Starting from political science and history, we moved to recent books we found interesting, to even our horse-riding skills.

Having interest in those fields meant that he was an avid reader, so my conversation with him was quite interesting.

Because of our entertaining discussion, I eventually told him a secret I kept even from my own father.

It was about the time I went exploring the town alone.

Accurately put, there was a servant who accompanied me in my whim to go to town. But then, taking advantage of his enthusiasm in haggling with the merchants, I separated from him to take a walk in town for a while. That was pretty much it.

But for me it was a big adventure. Since I keep it a secret from the adults knowing they will get angry for my safety, I got tempted to tell a child my age about it.

Wolfgang answered my expectations. At first he was surprised, but then he gave me some words of admiration.

At that time, I wasn’t aware because I was a little bit gleeful.

Looking back on it, I think that at that time, my usual way of talking using the careful [watakushi] turned into [watashi]. Something I don't use with anyone.

It might be an excuse, but the unrestraint conversation we had when we met was the first I had in this life.

Compared to my wet nurse, he was someone that I can consult with, as my nanny was above all, a servant whose duty was to take care of me. Although her existence was close to family, it was far from a friend.

Time flew by too quickly as we surprisingly had a fun time.

When the two of us came to our senses, both our fathers, who were unable to hold back the weird looks on their faces were, for some reason, smiling as they called us back for dinner.

At that time, we began calling each other, Wolf and Lycoris.

Hey me, what are you doing getting friendly with him for?

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<sup>(1)</sup>In the previous chapter, he was using (ore), now he switched to (watashi). (Watashi) does feel more intimate than the arrogant-sounding (ore) in my opinion.

# Chapter 5

Finishing our luxurious, but moderate meal for dinner, the adults began drinking liquor. My father has been in high spirits since the events this afternoon.<sup>(1)</sup>

Father is the type of person who normally doesn't drink alcohol at home, though I would say he doesn't like drinking it too much either, but well – there are probably those times you just feel like drinking.

Wanting to talk with Wolf a bit more, I decided to invite him to go to the mansion's library and had him guide me there.

I had just the right topic I wanted to talk to him about.



Magical lights illuminated the library at night.

For a place that was highly flammable, magical lights were the best. There weren't any worries of anything catching fire, and it could be sustained for a long period of time without oil. Furthermore, since it was unlike the unstable flickering flames, it was easier for me to follow the words in a book with my eyes.

Although it is a high-class item, it is a frequently used light fixture. Light is produced by exposing a palm sized orb inside the glass container to morning sunlight. During the night, this light is constantly used. It was simple to imagine it as rechargeable solar power.

The only problem with it is that unlike an electric light, you can't turn it off with a switch. Since we lacked that flexibility, we would turn off the lights by covering them with thick blackout-like cloths.

Under those magical lights, we talked about each of our recommended books. Having said that, we actually did as we pleased – straying off to any topic that sparked our interest.

Although our freewheeling discussion was senseless, and any adult who listens in might call it nonsense, it was fun for me. Perhaps, it was fun for Wolf as well.



No one would have found fault with it, but somehow, we were both speaking softly. This excusable [night activity] of a child probably wouldn't do any harm.

But for children like us, once the adults find out, they would try to put an end to it. If the adults noticed that we were doing something in the middle of the night, we would be told [children should go to sleep], and then they would take away that precious time.

Those whispered conversations were soon cut short. At that moment, I directed the discussion to an important topic.

"Hey, Wolf... About our engagement..."

Caught off guard from my sudden words, Wolf could only respond "Eh?!" while raising his voice.

"It's about the engagement our fathers were talking about. It'll be problematic in a lot of ways – I'm not sure if our fathers are serious about it, but in any case, I want to clearly declare my intentions"

Since I thought that I had built a fairly good relationship with Wolf, I wanted to be as open as I could with him.

When the part of [problematic in a lot of ways] was said, Wolf demanded to know what it was about.

My engagement with Wolf was, in truth, a slightly dangerous gamble for the Dukedom of Lilia. In the carriage, I hurled the question to my father and found out about his speculation.

That question was of course, whether it was right to get the Duke of Lilia's only daughter – me – to marry into the other family.

Even though I couldn't inherit my father's court rank, my relatives could choose a

husband for me – meaning to say, it would likely be a safer option.

Not accepting that reasoning, my father said [a capable person that could make such a judgment doesn't exist].

And then, my father asked whether he could use my youth as a gamble. Hoping for me to marry Wolf – the current minister's son who had a good family, wit and his approval<sup>(2)</sup> – my father considered having the child of that matrimony, that is, his grandson, to inherit the title of Duke of Lilia.

In other words, I would have to have at least two children to succeed both lines of the Dukedom of Lilia and the Dukedom of Ranuncula; furthermore, he was betting on the possibility that I would be able to give birth to two sons.'

By announcing my engagement with Wolf, the number of people knowing about my father's speculation would increase. Not only would there be opposition if two of the powerful families within the five Dukedoms were to bind together through this marriage, but even within my own family – my relatives would think that their own sons would be more appropriate as the next Duke of Lilia.

Personally, I also don't feel satisfied with this explanation. After all, this isn't my will.

But even so, I was grateful that my father explained the various circumstances to me. That was my father's sincerity to me, and I must show that same sincerity to him. Meaning that, at the very least, I needed to oppose my father head on, in order for me to convince him.

Initially, Wolf's personality would be difficult, thus, I prepared this evidence as a reason, but...

"Why don't we cooperate?"

"Cooperate?"

"Yes. Because this talk about engagement, frankly speaking, you oppose it too, right?"

"...Eh?"

Was he aware that he's only been either repeating my words or pronouncing the

syllable “Eh” since a while ago?

“I mean – I understand there are various circumstances regarding the lineage and the duke’s title, but they completely ignored our feelings in this. We’re only children. We don’t know who we’ll meet in the future”

Or to be specific, once Wolf begins school at the age of twelve, he was destined to meet with the soft golden-haired, emerald-eyed young girl. However, they would only meet six years later — because it will happen at the peak of our school life, this will be a talk for a later time.

“That’s why, I don’t think we have to follow through our parent’s arrangement to marry. But if we just turned down this engagement, wouldn’t our families just bring forward new proposal arrangements?”

“ ... ”

“Hear me out on this. All we have to do is stop pretending that we are both satisfied with an engagement; I want you to bear in mind that if you ever want to marry someone else, I am willing to help you”

‘So please don’t stab me to death, okay?’, is what I didn’t say.

With utmost sincerity, I brought up the talk about coping with our engagement and consider the conclusions.

Wolf was better than how I imagined him to be – no, he was originally imaginary to begin with – therefore, he was an exceptionally good human that could rationally comprehend the conversation and understand the compromise.

“And, how about you...?”

That’s why, when the dark tone came out of Wolf’s voice, it was completely unexpected.

“Do you also have another person you want to get married to? Is that why you don’t think anything of me?”

Wolf’s hand stretched out, grabbing my wrist.



It wasn't like the strength of his hold caused me pain, but since it was sudden – as if the hand had stretched out from the darkness, I felt shocked.

“...What are you talking about?”

In contrary to my attempt at shaking off his hand, the hold on my wrist only grew stronger, pulling us closer.

Even though I was taller, Wolf's hands were remarkably bigger than mine. It was natural since he practiced with a sword, but surprisingly, even his grip was strong.

Unable to free myself from his hold, I got sucked into his deep violet eyes and was drawn closer.

“Saying that [We don't know who we'll meet in the future...], from the way you're speaking, you're taking away the possibility of me being your partner. That is why, I'd like to hear whether you've already had that so-called fateful encounter. Is there a man you like?”

His voice sounded as if he was questioning a lover caught cheating, so I was taken by surprise.

Absurdly, my face became red; at any rate, I denied his claims by shaking my head. So much so, that I could hear buzzing as I swung my head.

And so, Wolf who had been furious until now, eased up. I was a little startled to hear a sigh coming from him.

“In your case... how many men do you know in your life? No, it would only be natural for a duke's daughter...”

“Eh? Are there any girls around you, Wolf? U-uhm, like a beautiful maid onee-san, perhaps? Or...”

Although he doesn't have any friends, he might be leading an unknown life with a sex friend. And so, giving reign to my imagination, I made a revolted face.

“There's no way that could be true. I'm innocent. But there are some people who take

in servants as their lovers, and within the royal palace, the coming and going of these scandalous relationships between men and women reach my ears even when I don't want to"

Talking about these love affairs, it was as if Wolf was pointing out that I grew up as a sheltered princess. The feelings of both a friend and a younger brother towards the unpredictable Wolf for some reason, made me remember his irritation from a moment ago.

Wolf's hand, which was holding my wrist from the resulting chaos, still remained.

Although it didn't hurt, somehow, it was making that spot on my wrist warmer. Not only that, his face is close.

Leveraging on my previous life's memories, I wanted to say something that could startle him to let go. But I haven't the slightest idea on what to say. Jokes? Information on health insurance?

In the game, Wolf was generally a bit fussy about everyone else except the heroine, so wasn't he someone who hated women? It's probably too late to say this. But how can anyone make such an excuse when he is this close.

I. Am. Confused.

Seeing my confusion, Wolf suddenly made a grown-up smile. Although I called it grown-up, it was somewhere closer to a nasty smile.

"In other words, you said those things without even having experienced those feelings"

I don't want to hear that coming from a ten-year old! Ever!

"Rather than yearning for a prince from a story, it's better to consider a man you can see in front of your eyes"

I also don't want to hear that either! Whether it's yearning for a prince or something else, I can always think of a chapter in a book, so this is unnecessary!!

"...I won't cancel the engagement"

Declaring this clearly, Wolf finally unravelled his fingers from my wrist.

But before completely letting go, he stroked my wrist with his finger, taking care of the spot that was constrained before.

Ever since a while ago, I didn't have any resistance to Wolf's actions, and now my face was boiling red like an octopus. No matter what I said, it wouldn't fit my current condition.

When Wolf stood up and said [Let's return to our rooms], I could only nod my head several times. At any rate, I feel that once I'm alone, I can calm down.

"Good night, fiancée-dono. Have a pleasant dream"

That's why, I couldn't complain when Wolf, after sending me to guest room, kissed me near the eye (possibly on top of the beauty mark under my eye) just before he left. <sup>(3)</sup>

I would say that the fiancé that my parent chose for me, was a yandere.

However, he was a person that was considerably difficult to hate.

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<sup>(1)</sup>Author wrote it as: My father has been in high spirits since the news arrived.

Since there wasn't any mention of other news, I assume it's talking about the last chapter.

<sup>(2)</sup>

**Forgetful-dreamer:**I don't know whether it was on purpose or not, but in the previous paragraph, her father said that "a capable person that could make such judgment (眼鏡) doesn't exist". But in this paragraph, the wording for "his approval" (父の眼鏡: literally father's glasses judgement) was talking about judgment – so her father was probably aware that he wasn't capable person to judge and that's why he's betting? I'm confused. Author-san needs to make it easier to understand for stupid me...

**Midori:** I have my own interpretation of this, but it should be somewhere near to what the author had in mind. For the 'capable person that could make such a judgement doesn't exist', it refers to the earlier part. Whether Licorice marrying into another family, or her marrying her own relative, is a 'safer' option. Her father is saying that there's no one who'd be able to know for sure which one's better.

The second part of the approval would refer to the father's judgement of Wolf. From the father's perspective, Wolf is a worthy person, and is fitting to be married to Licorice(something like that), so the children of Licorice and Wolf should be children of ability and skill, therefore, his plan of having two grandsons to lead both families would work with Wolf as the partner.

(3) I'll be using it interchangeably with mole under the eye.

Please give your appreciation to midoriha "Midori" for the fast PR. The following chapters might be a bit slow, since I don't have any other drafts that are completed yet.

## Chapter 6

The next day, my father and I departed from the dukedom of Ranuncula.

With that, somehow or other, I became pen-pals with Wolf.

At first, letters came in early every day, but after lecturing him that letters and diaries were different things, the frequency decreased to only twice a week. It was worthwhile reading the thick letters he sent, and I undauntedly sent my own letters talking about various things back to him.

Speaking of which.

For some reason, a letter from Duke Ranuncula came.

The contents of which were all about Wolf, about how recently he's become more mature, and that it was all thanks to me. It looked like he was very happy while writing the letter. A really cute prime minister-sama.

That being the case, the meeting with my fiance ended, entirely and unexpectedly, peaceful. Blades, blood, pain, or even violence, were not brought up in my encounter. For the time being, it was the feeling of having weathered the storm.

But. Having said that.

Did I really escape the threat of a Yandere?

Let's think back one by one.

First, about Wolf. My fiancé, thankfully, didn't suffer from any mental illness. When I first met him, he had an unyielding personality, but I think he also has a cute side now.

Since Duke Ranuncula was a man of character as well, their blood relationship as father and son was apparent. I think that was the most important thing.

Anyway, I couldn't see how this would be a problem.

Next, is about me. Suddenly remembering a lot of things caused me confusion, but in the end, I'm still me. Meeting Wolf also didn't change me.

Right now, I have memories of the game's death ending for Lycoris, and I plan to avoid that at all cost. Becoming a yandere, will probably not happen.

The next issue would probably be... the other game characters aside from me and Wolf.

What I mean to say is, I wonder what life the other characters are living at the present. It would be good if I can find out.

In truth, other than Wolf, I can't remember any details about the other capturable characters.

After all, [Past life!?], [Yandere Game!?], [Engagement!?] had me confused, since I've only been trying to remember things about [Wolfgang Eisenhut] in the meantime, I had left the other characters details aside and wanted to think about them later.

Now that I could pause and think about the other characters, I had considerably little information about them.

To start with, there were four capturable characters, including Wolf. That was for certain.

Each of their image colors, excluding Wolfgang's black, was red, yellow, and white. So far, so good.

Then, when I began thinking about the characters' faces, they were blurred beyond recognition.

Barely making out the name, the red character was [Shade]. Having showed up in a lot of endings with Wolfgang, I think that he was treated as a [peerless] character, but I couldn't remember what kind of routes he had. His hair color was brown. But, because of his image color being red, it was probably reddish-brown, to be more precise. The yellow character, was a bright blonde. The white character was an exotic black-haired beauty... I think. Most likely.

Considering this, it's highly probable that, in order for me to remember the game's content, I would probably need a trigger.

Having suffered from doubt since infancy, it was only the introduction of Wolfgang Eisenhut that erased it. In the same way, in order to recall the bizarre thing that is the [memories of my previous life], I needed to have something to start with.

If it's like that, as long as I don't encounter the remaining characters, I won't recall

them.

Since all the capturable characters supposedly had high social standings, I initially thought that I could somehow make contact with them. Although there was no way to find out about the yellow and white characters, since I was able to recall the name [Shade], I wanted to investigate.

The result was — there was no one by that name.

Even if I couldn't find out by trying to investigate now, there was one reliable method. It was best to wait for the time to come.

The stage would be the game's royal magic school. The children from the nobility who can wield magic assemble there, and it was the oldest school in the history of the kingdom.

After about two years, when we turn twelve years of age, both Wolf and I will be attending that school. So, if you wait one or two years, with the exception of the heroine, all the characters will meet face-to-face.

Speaking of which, the game heroine will only appear to me and Wolf six years later, when she enters the school through special admission.

(Well... in the first place, there is no guarantee that all the game characters will be there... I do wonder what what will happen, but it's nothing to worry about.)

Having those happy-go-lucky thoughts, I was considerably hasty, and was simply an idiot.

At that time, I had wanted to just pass through the toughest part.

As a future warning as well, I have to etch these words to my chest.

A Yandere- will appear— when you least expect them to.

# Chapter 7

The omen had slipped into the tranquility.

It had been three months of correspondence with both my fiancé and his father, and around that time, I became troubled with storing the considerable amount of letters I received.

In the letters, Wolf had been asking for my advice.

This was because Wolf was currently faced with a very difficult problem.

It seems there were talks of Duke Ranuncula taking in a second wife.

The duke's wife, that is to say, Wolf's mother, had died four years ago. During that time, it seemed there were non-stop talks about remarriage. There was one particular audacious lady, who since four years ago, had not been seen giving up at all.

The duke said, [Having a second wife at this age is too late], and so he never had another person, but personally, I think he underestimated himself too much. Leaving his position as prime minister aside, if it's that person, it wouldn't be strange for any woman to say [I want to look after you...].

In any case, four years had already passed since then, and Wolf's engagement has been officially announced. This happened only a week ago, by the way. If it's among children, an official ceremony for the decided engagement isn't done. I was only told to nod my head to the duke, then to my father.

At any rate, it was then that they began sinking their teeth in for a second time. The relatives began whispering things like "Think, now that your son is getting married. You'll be lonely without a second wife in your old age" which seemed to upset the duke.

These kinds of issues, in truth, even I have it at my home. In our house there was only my father and me, and no doubt presently, there are these kinds of hardships. In my family's case, since there was no apparent heir, the fight of being the second wife was even fiercer.

There was only one single warning that came from me. Save for a woman that my



father personally introduced to me, I absolutely won't allow those sort of women to step foot into our house.

These people existed in the aristocracy.

The methods they used to show that they could become good mothers was something that I disliked. For example, taking their own servants and placing them into the household. I've also heard that they forced things like clothes, jewelry, horses, dogs, and cats, as much as their circumstances allowed.

Although it would be over once the latter was refused and sent back, the former was worrisome. By taking action, that means the person was capable of doing unreasonable things.

That was what I put together in writing and sent back to Wolf, and the response was this.

[There was a lady who came alone into the house when my father wasn't around]

That even now, she doesn't understand the refusals for her visits, or rather than doesn't, it was more of, she doesn't want to understand them, was what he replied back.

It seems that woman has always liked Duke Ranuncula for a long time. She was a woman who continued to think of the duke even after he first married, and she insisted to Wolf that she couldn't bear being away from his father.

Do you think it would go well? With that question he asked, somehow I replied to him that it might, with great effort. It was really sweet of him.

Hearing my friend trying his best, I also could not sit still.

[Even if she's not related by blood, the most important thing is that you become a good family. That's why, good luck. I'm cheering you on]

After composing that letter to my close friend, I sent it to him.

Later on, I would regret those irresponsible words from the bottom of my heart.



On a clear sunny day.

A letter came in from Wolf, and it was completely different from usual.

With an adequate envelope and stationary, there were only short sentences.

[Tomorrow is Father's birthday. That same lady will be preparing a feast for dinner. Since Father will be late from work, it's embarrassing to start the conversation. It might be a bit sudden, but won't you come? I also want you to meet her. If you come, then we could think of words to praise whatever cooking she makes together. I'll come pick you up]

It was a pretty hasty request.

Based on the date, the [tomorrow] in the letter meant that it was referring to today.

But if I depart by noon, I might still make it for dinner.

He probably only wrote this much yesterday because he was in a hurry.

It appears like he was so nervous that he couldn't calm down.

Although I was not socially capable of striking a conversation on our first meeting, it would be more comfortable for her to be with a woman. Above all, it would be better to have two people with her instead of one. Somehow, I wanted to try cooperating.

Unexpectedly, my father easily gave me his consent. In fact, Duke Ranuncula asked my father to come, arranging his presence for dinner as well.

It might be because of distrust, but the duke didn't want any third party knowing about the second wife candidate's presence at dinner. Socially, my father was considered as part of their family now.

Wolf having wrote [I'll come pick you up] with a polite demeanor like a gentlemen in the prime of his life, sent over the Ranuncula house's butler. Moreover with an escort.

Departing separately from my father's preparation to go with the duke, I prepared as much as I could before leaving the house early.

For that reason, I was expected to arrive at the duke's house earlier.

I felt exhilarated.

After three months, it was a good opportunity to see him so I could confirm if he really

had an unexpected growth spurt like he said. If he, who was previously shorter than me of the same age, were to grow exceptionally, I wouldn't be able to tease him anymore.

The day was still early, I hope I'll have time to spare before dinner. Then just like he said, [think of words to praise whatever cooking she makes], we would be able to think of them together.

Of course, I've already decided the best words to describe a heartfelt compliment about delicious food.

(In truth, it would be traumatic for the person cooking if their food causes food poisoning...)

That was when I had the thought.  
My head was filled with information.  
It was the second time I felt it in my life.

I received awareness after the shock receded.

Frozen solid, I heard an unpleasant sound.  
Although I thought that, it was actually the sound of my teeth chattering.  
Because of the shivering of my quivering body, no strength entered it, when the carriage merely shook I fell down from my seat.  
Not caring about it, with the sound of warning bells in my head, I was able to regain some strength and hit the carriage door.

"What's wrong!? My lady!"  
"W-Where are we? No, I mean. How long until we arrive at Duke Ranuncula's residence?"  
Even with the abnormal situation I was in, sitting on the floor with a pale face, he still responded "We'll be there shortly".

"Please, as much as we can, hurry. Please. Ple-... It's okay even if it shakes! I need to arrive as early as possible!"

Having lost his bearing, with me clinging to him with a menacing look, he could only nod back.

As the carriage started again, I gripped the seat from my place at the floor.

I remembered.

Wolfgang Eisenhut, from the game, was a misogynist. But it wasn't like that when he was born.

The reason why he got messed up, was because of an incident.

The word that triggered my memories was [Food Poisoning]. No, rather, it was the word [Poison].

Wolf told the game heroine, that in his childhood, he was served poison by a certain woman. On his father's birthday, he thought that woman would become his new mother.

After somehow escaping from the edge of death because of a young body, what met him, by a forced double suicide, was the cold corpse of his father.

## Chapter 8

When she — the candidate to be Duke Ranuncula's second wife, Robinia, heard from Wolf that the number of dinner guests would increase, she said "Okay". Appearing to be smiling, as she nodded.

With the excuse of practicing her cooking, she confined herself to the kitchen early. That was why, in the evening, she already called Wolf over to the kitchen.

Holding out a small saucer of soup, she offered Wolf a taste.

It was at that exact moment, that I rushed into the kitchen of the Ranuncula residence.

"Wolf!"

Calling out as loud as I could, Wolf's head quickly turned my way.

"Lycoris, what's wrong? Did something happen?"

Running all the way here as fast as possible, I voiced the word "Doctor" to Wolf.

"I don't feel well, would you call the doctor for me? Please."

Because I had sprinted all the way here, my breathing was suspicious, so Wolf panicked.

"Robinia, this girl is Lycoris. I'll leave her in your care for a while."

Only saying that much, hurried footsteps made their way out of the kitchen.

And so, I faced the woman who was standing still in front of the pot of soup.

Robinia was, from head to toe, a slender and fair-skinned woman. She looked younger than I imagined, it was hard to believe that she was already in her late thirties.

The aura she had looked like nothing but a fleeting innocence.

“Nice to meet you, my name is Lycoris Radiata.”

My voice was impatient, curt. From the beginning, I had no plans to make small talk with her. I only wanted to confirm one thing. If this was all a mistake on my part, then I will happily try all I can to make amends with her.

“Pardon my rudeness, but may I know whether you’ve tasted the soup?”

“...”

“If you haven’t, I would suggest you try it out first”

Bringing out a new saucer, and innocently adding a silver spoon as I said so... I then offered it to her. <sup>(1)</sup>

“Even me, when I try to cook, there are times that I would unbelievably fail at it. For example, accidentally putting sugar instead of salt. That’s why-”

“How did you find out?”

I wasn’t able to finish my sentence as she cut off my words with a flat tone. My face quickly turned white.

“I wonder how you found out. How strange.”

The woman’s eyes certainly reflected that of a killer.

Adding poison to her own cooking, and confidently making people eat it. In that matter, without defending herself on her attempt at murder by poisoning, I can’t think that her behaviour would indicate she’d try to escape.

She stared at the poisoned soup that she had made, looking like a child at a loss.

And then.

“...How mean. Now the soup has gone to waste.”

She murmured with a voice that sounded to be in deep sorrow. <sup>(2)</sup>

“...Even I, at first, thought I could be a good mother. But, you always had a displeased face, and you never once called me “Mother”.”

When she said [You], she looked in the direction of the doorway, where Wolf stood, with all color drained from his face.

“And then I realized, for the Duke and I to have a new life, I couldn’t stand having someone else in this house after all. With a clean slate, I wanted to build a wonderful family with the Prime Minister-sama. The second wife’s children, it’s common that they’ll get bullied by the first wife’s children. If I give birth to my cute baby, what could I do if you bullied that child? What’s more...”

She sent a resentful look towards Wolf.

Innocently muttering those blunt complaints to a child, seeing that sent a dreadful chill down my spine.

“That’s why, in order to kill the nuisance, I got this. I don’t know whether it was handy, but when I put the poison in my purse, the feeling I had was really dreadful”

She placed a small vial on top of the table with a clink. As expected, she really didn’t plan on hiding what she’d done.

Robinia was a psychopath. At least, I could only think of her as nothing but one.

At any rate, I had to pull Wolf away from this terrible woman.

Starting from the butler who looked like he was bringing in the medicated bath for me, people started coming into the kitchen.

Facing the perplexed bystanders, “I’m not the one at fault,” she continued on saying, “Because, I only did this so that I would be the only one the Duke would love.”

Moving my two trembling feet, I approached Wolf. I tried pulling Wolf away by the black clothes he was wearing, but he continued to devour Robinia with his eyes, dumbfounded. So at the very least, with my two hands, I blocked Wolf’s ears.

With that, his violet eyes turned to me. A distorted crying face of a child was reflected in his eyes. My face.

I was incredibly relieved that Wolf was okay, and dreadfully, dreadfully angry at Robinia.

At that time, I felt a lot of conflicting feelings. I was unable to bear the heavy feeling in my chest, and as a ten-year-old child, all I did was gulp uncontrollably, unable to do any reasonable action.

Soon after, I let out a loud wail as I cried my heart out.

Actually, when I thought about it, the person who should be crying right now was Wolf, but I only realized it later that night.

We left everything about the dinner to the Duke and my father after they returned. Meanwhile, we just sat down in Wolf's room, cuddled together with the lights turned on. Although both my hands held the book open, not even once could the sound of the page being flipped be heard.

Only for today, even if the adults ask us to sleep alone or to turn off the lights, we won't obey.

I closed the book with a plop, then turned to face Wolf.

"Go ahead and cry" was what I said.

"I'm fine" was what he returned.

Thinking that there was no way he could be fine, I pressed a wet towel to his face so he could cool his eyes.

However, Wolf quickly took it from my hands, pushing it back to my still swollen eyes.

"You've already cried this much. This is more than enough."

Saying those illogical words, his gentle voice sounded like he was pampering me.

My eyes started to swell up once again, and the wet towel became even wetter.

I suddenly recalled the letter that Duke Ranuncula wrote.



Wolf has become mature. It might be just as the Duke said. I wonder if it's because he's becoming mature that he could overcome such a painful event. And with such an amazing speed.

“...At this rate, Wolf will surely end up becoming a woman hater.”

With my unexpected words, it seemed he thought it was a joke.

Laughing like it entertained him, he suddenly stood up and looked down at me.

“Because that's all you've been thinking of, you've been sitting inside a man's room in the middle of the night, crying defenselessly. You have to sense at least an ounce of danger, or else a man's honor might get questioned.”

After he said it, with a jerk of his arm, thinking that he was pulling me up to my feet, Wolf instead lifted my body.

This posture is what you would call carrying a girl “princess style”.

With a blank look and my mouth wide open, looking like a fool, I was surprised. Although I was shocked about Wolf's strength, but more than that...

“Could it be, Wolf – did you really grow taller than me?”

“...You didn't believe me?”

“That's not what I... but, it's only been three months.”

“I've been struggling to become mature. Along with my body. And my mind, too.”

With him laughing embarrassedly, to me, he seemed mature enough – he looked strong.

Now it was clear to me.

He was really becoming mature.

And maybe.

He is becoming different from the one I knew in the game, a new [Wolfgang Eisenhut] was being formed.

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Note:

(1) Silver reacts to some elements of poison.

(2) I'm guessing she tried to drink it. Crazy woman...

## Extra: Lycoris's Cooking Class

"Today we'll be cooking"

Suddenly saying that and shoving a cloth at me, was my fiancée — Lycoris Radiata. Recently, her visits were relatively frequent that such visits didn't surprise me anymore.

On our first meeting, she greatly angered me; in some respects, her only attractive features were her slanted eyes and the mole under her eye. Although her mature appearance might be attributed to the fact that as a ten year old girl she was fairly tall, now it was clear that it was her mind which surpassed her height in displaying that maturity.

When the girl in question came into my line of sight, my eyebrows knitted together. The reason for this was because her usual loose wavy black hair was inelegantly tied with a string and a crooked triangular piece of cloth covered her forehead. The rouge dress that suited her well, was hidden from view by a thick white apron.

Her outfit was an imitation based on the maids that wore apron dresses and white headbands to work (although, I don't know what they're officially called).

"You know, no one wanted to lend me an apron dress"

"That's obvious"

Noticing my dubious look, she pouted. I could just imagine the bewilderment of the people in the house if they find out that the duke's daughter was running around in servant's clothing.

"But I was able to somehow find a clean cloth to work with. Ah, don't worry though. The cloth you're holding is something I properly borrowed from mister butler"

Right before she pointed out that fact. I was unfurling the cloth that she passed to me. Attached to a rectangular fabric by a string was a very simple vest. The rectangular fabric would probably be wrapped to the lower body as an apron, but what was the

need for the vest?

“It’s exactly black”

She, in some way, proudly declared this fact.

“I’ll be standing in the kitchen wearing this?”

“There’s nothing wrong with that. Duke Ranuncula gave us his utmost support. And it won’t hurt if a man can cook. Besides, once we’re twelve we won’t be able to do this in the school dorms”

Although my father indulged her by consenting, this was really illogical.

“We’d probably have a cook in the dorms...”

But my complaint went in Lycoris’s one ear and out the other as she wrapped the waist-cloth around my waist and dressing me in the vest atop my shirt. Even though I had planned to properly scold her about the distance being too close, I always wavered.

At least before the chances of coming into contact with other men increased while entering the school and debuting in high society, I had to rectify her defenselessness.

Not knowing my complex inner thoughts, Lycoris muttered “Garçon style~ cute~”.<sup>(1)</sup> I don’t understand the first part, but calling a man of an impressionable age [Cute] was definitely taboo. Truly, I want you to stop calling me that from the bottom of my heart. But I didn’t want her to think of me as a narrow-minded man.

Being rebellious by desperately cutting down on being called cute was not my intention, but I continued to get dragged by the arm into the kitchen.

“Today, the challenge is to make [porridge]”

“What the heck is it?”

“It’s a bit difficult to explain what it tastes like. It would be simpler to just make it”

And so, the sudden cooking course started.

I began by carefully washing my hands, proceeding to wash the vegetables, and some

unfamiliar grains right after, then chopping the vegetables and adding all of the ingredients together into a pot.

When I noticed that the ingredients being chopped were very sour and weak in substance, “Are these also going to be added in?”, was what I asked, and “These are incredibly important ingredients that cannot be missed out” was what she replied. Somehow, today had me completely following her pace, I hope that I don’t end up with anything I’m not satisfied with.

After finishing the cooking of the so called [porridge], I cautiously scooped a bit of the sour ingredients I hated into a small saucer.

“Wait!”

Due to the panic in her voice, my hand stopped.

“I’ll be tasting it first. It’s mortifying if it has a weird taste after it was done”

Her point was illogical.

Although she was the one guiding, the one who did the cooking was me. Even if the outcome of the cooking had a weird taste, there wouldn’t be any reason for her to feel ashamed.

Finally, her intention became clear. Well, it was kind of expected though.

After the incident of almost getting served poison, the people around me began preparing my meals with care. The servants in charge of the kitchen would offer to personally taste-test the meal for poison; furthermore, soup was no longer added to the table.

I told them I was fine even if they didn’t do it, but no one listened.

The food I consumed didn’t decrease.

However, it was a pathetic to say that I felt melancholic every dinner time. It seemed she realized this small disorder I had.

“...Ok. It’s pretty good”

She said this after taste-testing it for poison for me, after quickly washing it, she

offered the small saucer.

“Do you... want to have a taste as well?”

(Forcing me to make the dish, then making that anxious face, isn't this cheating?)

Even with a small height difference, having Lycoris send me an upward glance in a helpless state stirred something within me. Wanting to cherish her, and at the same time wanting to tease her – it was an extremely complicated feeling.

“Yeah, let me have a taste”

Having said that, I opened my mouth slightly, and sure enough, she was put in an embarrassing situation.

But eventually, a small portion of the [porridge] in the small saucer slowly came closer to my mouth.

With moderate amount of sourness inside my mouth, the natural sweetness of the cereal spread through.

Not bad.

With the sound of a gulp from my throat, I remembered my hunger.

No matter how meddlesome it is, this was the deep affection of my fiancée.

[As long as it's your hand that offers, even if it was poison I'll gladly take it] or so the lines of a play I heard somewhere before, drifted into my head.

If I said those words out loud though, I'll surely get scolded for indiscretion.

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<sup>(1)</sup> Garçon – actually French Waiter style



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